

Spring. At dusk.

Four girls are walking along the road.

They are on their way back to home after playing with each other.

Along the street towards the train station, they are walking two by two.

“How good it would be if Misora, who is walking in front of me, was dead.”

Amagi says to herself.

Misora is not only a beauty and a top student in the group, but also the centre of the whole class.

But Misora is actually a haughty girl. Whoever disagrees with her ways or goes against her wishes are iced out by her. Since everyone dearly wishes to be part of her group (to high school girls, securing an upper seat in the class hierarchy is far more important than TV drama chats), none of them will ever express disagreement with whatever Misora said.

That is why Amagi wishes that Misora would have an accident and then end up as pieces of flesh.

Everyone would then appear to be sad in Misora’s funeral ceremony. They would sob in front of her parents, saying something like “she was my dearest friend.” After that they would weep in front of the coffin, crying for her return.

On the next day, when the girls gather again, they would speak evil of Misora. Someone would start by saying, “actually I don’t really like her.” Then the others

would follow by “me too, me too!” This would be how everyone reaching a consent, with the hierarchy of Misora in the class hitting the bottom.

It is so exciting to simply imagine all of that.

With her corpse being torn apart in pieces, she would not even be able to bid farewell to anyone.

May she be never able to see our ugly face. May her face, and especially her eyeballs, be crashed. However, may her ears be still intact, such that she would be able to hear our ugly words.

“How good it would be if Asakura, who is walking next to me, was dead.”

Misora, who is wished to be dead by Amagi, says to herself.

Asakura is a tiny girl and a bit of an airhead, that makes her popular among the boys. However in reality she has a secret – she has been selling her body to middle-age men. Despite of that, her boyfriend is always changing like how a merry-go-round is always revolving. The techniques she gained by sleeping with those men make her a good player skillful enough to control any male on bed. In fact, many girls had their loved ones stolen by Asakura. Of course Misora is also one of them. “I really have no eye for people, to have fallen for a boy who was then easily cheated by such kind of girl,” Misora thinks.

That is why Misora wishes that Asakura would contract venereal diseases and die.

Asakura's body would rot in a disgusting way, with her falling into insanity and showing her humiliating body in front of everyone.

Every boy who slept with her would then be regretful. After all, any of them might have also contracted the same disease. In panic and fear, they would rush to the hospital, and then discover that it was already too late.

There would also be boys who rushed to the hospital in the name of visiting her but with obvious ulterior intentions. It is fantastic to imagine how disappointed they would be, upon seeing Asakura's hardly recognizable appearance.

It is so exciting to simply imagine all of that.

May Asakura be still able to retain her conscience.

May she wail with salivary and pus dropping from her mouth, cursing herself for what she has done, and cursing the males who transmitted the disease to her. May she then gradually fall into unconsciousness.

"How good it would be if Shirayama, who is walking behind me, was dead."

Asakura, who is wished to be dead by Misora, says to herself.

Being the captain of the Basketball Team with a straight personality,

Shirayama is liked by everyone. However, because of her noble character, she has never realized how Misora has been pulling every string under the table, including manipulating her, to maintain her top position in the class hierarchy. She also has never realized Asakura's "airhead" character is nothing more than a pretense.

In other words, she is just a fool. Simply because she is not a two-faced person, she fails to realize how everyone around her has another face when she is not around. Firmly believing that mankind is inherently clean and noble (Of course there is nothing wrong with that. However she is so into her own belief that she rejects the existence of anything ugly to her), she has been being taken advantage by everyone else.

That is why Asakura wishes that Shirayama would learn the truth and commit suicide in despair.

The fact that behind Shirayama's back, Misora has been teasing her as a "muscular freak." The fact that right after knowing that Shirayama had secretly fallen in love with Kirishima-kun, I seduced the guy, slept with him and then thrown him away within just three days.

What her face would be if I told her all of that, Asakura wonders.

It is so exciting to simply imagine all of that.

May Shirayama fall into despair. Upon having the truth of her friends forced upon her, may she mentally break down, and at the same night, silently cut her wrist in the bathroom.

“How good it would be if Amagi, who is walking next to me, was dead.”

Shirayama, who is wished to be dead by Asakura, says to herself.

Amagi is humble and attentive to the others. On top of that, not only just in this class, but also by the standard of the whole school she is a great beauty that wins against everyone else by a large margin. (Of course Misora is simply nothing in front of her)

However, she is never boastful of her appearance. Knowing well her own prettiness, she deliberately avoids wearing any makeup and has a simple, plain hairstyle.

Misora and other girls often say “it’ll be great if you care more about your hairstyle.” But she never pays any attention to these advices. With a smiling face, she will simply reply “I’m fine with it.” Well, she has her own boyfriend, and she will certainly be much more beautiful than Misora in the future. Her happiness is guaranteed. There is no point for her to pay any effort to make herself stand out. She must be enjoying looking down on the others while maintaining a plain outlook.

“Why not just be straight about it if you are a beauty?” Shirayama speaks to herself. Deliberately concealing that is simply mean, or even dirty.”

That is why it would be great to pour acid on your face, Shirayama thinks.

It is so exciting to simply imagine all of that.

May her well-designed future be burnt into ashes. May her childhood-friend-lover sacrifice his time taking care of her, while in reality hating her for that. May she then have the illusion that “this is real love.” Looking from behind, the two of them would be such a stupid and funny couple.

After that...

“How good it would be if I was dead.”

All the girls, in other words, Misora, Asakura, Amagi and Shimakura, think.

I am the lowest of mankind to have such a sick feeling against my friends.

However I could not help.

Unlike her, I have no leadership.

Unlike her, I am unpopular among boys.

Unlike her, I do not have such a noble heart.

Unlike her, I am not humble at all.

Why am I in the same group with other girls? I have no idea. If I stop being jealous I will only fall into anxiety. That is why I, the ugliest among all, am the first one that should be dead.

My face would be burnt by acid. My body would be rotten by venereal diseases. My body would be in pieces due to an accident. But I still would not die – not until I bite my tongue and bleed to death.

It is so exciting to simply imagine all of that.

I wonder what everyone would say. Would the ones who come to the hospital to visit me pull a face at me? Would they still say they like me despite of what I had done? Would they cry for me in my funeral ceremony? Would they then speak ill of me after that?

May all kinds of punishment befall me.

May everyone dies painfully, writhing about on the ground. May I, the one who deserves death the most, the one who wishes for the death of my friends, suffer in a much more painful manner and eventually die.

“Oh,” Misora asks. “what date is it today?”

“Ee~h?” Asakura replies, in an energetic voice like an airhead. “April 1st... Is that anyone’s birthday falls on today?”

“Ah.” Shirayama replies in an intellectual tone. “It’s the April Fools day.”

“Hehe.” Humbly pressing her mouth, Amagi says, “why not tell lies to each other?”

“Ahaha. It’s meaningless to tell a lie if everyone here knows that it’s untrue.”

“Lies... I can’t quickly come up with something like that.”

“I’m also bad at that.”

“Let’s not talk about that then.”

The four girls talk and laugh with each other.

Misora, who hates Asakura but is telling a lie.

Asakura, who hates Shirayama but is telling a lie.

Shirayama, who hates Amagi but is telling a lie.

Amagi, who hates Misora but is telling a lie.

The four girls start walking again.

Believing that telling a lie is different from concealing the truth, none of them stops putting on their smiles.